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No. 16.

Lent Term, 1923.



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# The Academite.

A Magazine issued each Term by Students of the  
ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

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No. 16. ONE SHILLING.

Lent Term, 1923.

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*Editor :*

RUSSELL E. CHESTER, B.A.

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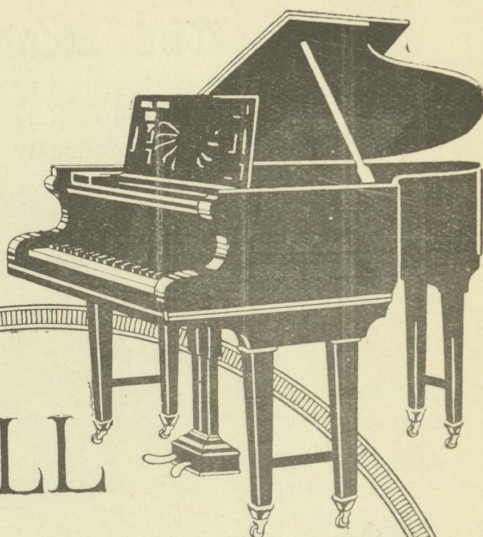
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Contributions, clearly written on only one side of the paper, are invited from all students, ex-students and others connected with the R.A.M. Back Numbers are obtainable from the Editor



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# The Alcademite.

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## Editorial.

It has long been the ambition of the R.A.M. Club to have premises of its own, and now comes the suggestion that certain rooms at the Academy be opened for the use of members in the evenings. The refreshment rooms, the ladies' and gentlemen's waiting rooms, the band room, and the cloak rooms would thus be available until 10, or 10.30 p.m., and an enterprising committee could organise concerts and social meetings in order to make an attractive meeting-place for Academy people. The advantages to a large number of students are obvious, especially to those whose homes are not in London. And how much more convenient to have the premises here, where we work, rather than anywhere else in Town! Yet of the three hundred and fifty members of Branch B, barely fifty took the trouble to register their opinion on the forms sent out recently with a circular letter, and there is some danger that the privileges may be lost owing entirely to our apathy in the matter.

The proposal involves considerable extra expenditure, chiefly for attendance, but this can be met if only a large enough body of members are willing to support the scheme by paying an extra "House-Membership" subscription of five shillings per annum.

A few members who realise the importance of our attitude, and who believe that the majority of student opinion warmly approves such a development of the Club's activities, have volunteered to canvass your opinion personally, list in hand. We beg you to give them a courteous yea or nay, or, better still, help them by going to Cocks's table and signing the list there; for, if the proposal falls through, it may be long before we have such another opportunity.

\* \* \* \* \*

We regret that the Social Notes have been unavoidably crowded out of this issue.

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## Branch C.

At a recent meeting of members of Branch A of the R.A.M. Club, formal approval was given to the establishment of Branch C, the athletic section.

With the approval of the Committee of Management, a sports badge has been adopted by the Committee of Branch C, to be worn on a dark blue blazer. The badges are now on sale from Hallett, price 4s. 6d. each, and may be obtained by members of the existing athletic sections and also by intending members of the tennis club which is now being formed. Full particulars relating to the tennis section can be obtained from Mr. N. Jupe.

Mr. Harry Farjeon, whose interest in Branch C is so greatly appreciated by all the members, recently arranged a concert in aid of the club funds at the Steinway Hall. In addition to providing a very excellent programme of his pupils' compositions, the Sports Club benefited to the extent of £14 14s., and grateful thanks are due to Mr. Farjeon for his generosity.

The Academy athletics have not been very successful this term, the hockey team having been defeated on two occasions. The football club, however, defeated the College in the only match which has so far been played.

H.W.



## Extracts from "The Academy as it is not."

BY HARRY FARJEON.

Act I.—The Elements Class. Scene: An Elements Class-room at the R.A.M. Zu-zu Brown, Bu-bu Smith, and Goo-goo Jones discovered cowering and terrified.

All. Hark!

(Enter Professor Query. They timidly strew flowers before him, crying, weakly, "Hail!")

Q. Late, as usual.

A. (Submissively.) Yes, sir!

Q. I've a good mind—a jolly good mind—(points with the pistol).

All. No, sir!

Q. Just for practice.

B. (Feverishly.) Please, sir, I *do* want to know about compound time. Mother says, sir, that when I know all about compound time, sir, she'll . . .

Q. She'll what?

B. She'll be so happy, sir, because I can tell *her* about it. You see, sir, her days are so dull, sir, what with Emmy getting married and Dad the way he is, and so I thought . . .

Q. You thought?

B. I thought that if I knew all about compound time I might manage to cheer her.

Q. I see. Well, as it happens, the lesson to-day *isn't* in compound time.

All. (Happily.) Oh, thank you, sir!

Q. No, it's definitions to-day. Now, who can define a definition?

All. (Putting up hands.) Please, sir!

Q. Well, as you all seem sure of it, I'll tell you. A definition puts something you know perfectly well into words you can't understand.

G. I believe you, sir.

Q. You're intended to. And now then, to business. Bronze Medal Class!

Z. Here, sir!

Q. (Pointing with pistol). Define interval.

Z. (Reading from Macpherson: the others shield her from Q.'s view.)

Interval, sir, is a period of time on Tuesday afternoons when it's impossible to get tea.

Q. (Disappointed.) Good. Would you rather have the medal or a bun?

Z. (Earnestly.) I'd much, much rather have the medal, sir.

Q. It's a real bun—from a shop outside.

Z. Oh! (Grabs it.)

Q. Silver Medal Class!

B. Here, sir!

Q. Define Great Staff!

B. (Reading from Macpherson—the others shield her from Q.'s view.)

There are two staves, sir; the Small and the Great. The Small Staff has five lines, known as the Principal, the Curator, the Secretary, Mrs. Russell, and Miss Creighton. The Great Staff has eleven, beginning with Hallet Green and Cox, and going on to the lift girl.



*Q.* (Sadly.) Very, very good. I see I am not wanted. Will you take your Silver or would you prefer this orange?

*B.* (Examining orange.) It looks bad.

*Q.* It is bad.

*B.* What would I do with it?

*Q.* What would you do with the silver medal?

*B.* I see. But I think, sir, I'll take the medal. Rather than the orange.

*Q.* I often wonder, you know, whether these things are made of real silver.

*B.* All right, sir. I don't much mind. (Takes orange.)

*Q.* And now for my last chance. Certificate Class!

*G.* Here, sir!

*B. and Z.* (Sing.) Woe, woe, woe!

Strew ashes dead upon her head,

Put cinders on her toe.

We cannot save her from the grave,

So "Woe, woe, woe."

*G.* What are they doing that for?

*Q.* I rather like it.

*G.* I don't.

*Q.* You don't matter. Now answer me this . . .

*B. and Z.* Woe, woe, woe!

*Q.* (Pointing.) Define the Baritone Clef.

*G.* (After a pause.) Did you say, B-b-b-baritone?

*Q.* In fewer syllables, I did.

*G.* The B-b-b-baritone Clef? Oh, yes, I see.

*Q.* (Genially.) Make *us* see, then.

*G.* Would you mind very much if I went and asked Hallet?

*Q.* Why not? Isn't that what Hallet's for? (Exit Goo-Goo.)

*B. and Z.* (Sing.) Woe, woe, woe!

The worms will taste a gaudy feast

The slugs and snails also,

And ghosts and ghouls will utter howls

Of "Woe, woe, woe!"

(Enter G.)

*G.* Hallet doesn't know. I've lost my faith in human nature.

*Q.* Then we'll prepare for the death scene. You two girls put out the electric. (Dark stage. Silence.) I ought to have had some practice. (Silence.) The blessed thing won't go off.

*G.* Saved!

*Z.* Couldn't you club her?

*B.* With the butt end?

*Q.* Bright girls!

(Thud, thud, thud and horrid groans from Goo-Goo,  
while Z. and B. sing.)

*Z. and B.* Woe, woe, woe!

The *Daily Mail* will tell the tale,

The *Times* and *Post* also,

And paper-boys will shout their noise

Of "Woe, woe, woe!"

#### ACT II.—THE REFRESHMENT ROOM.

SCENE: The Refreshment Room. Two tables for four; at one of them, three male, and at the other, three female students. A butler in evening dress waits upon them. Whispered conversation; at the least clatter of knives, forks, etc., apologetic hushings. Evidently, the Abode of Silence Herself. After some time, enter fourth male student, boisterously.

*Fourth Male St.* I say, you chaps . . .

*All.* (Quietly repressive.) Sh!

*Fourth Male St.* (Mumbling.) Sorry! Sorry! (Makes for the ladies' table. They draw themselves up, prim and shocked. Butler gently conducts him to boys' table. He is very much ashamed of himself.) Sorry!

(They go on quietly eating as curtain falls.)



### From a Fir Forest.

Feathery, fairy fingers of fir,  
 What are you asking so softly?  
 Alms like a beggar? "Pity me, sir,"  
 Do you whisper as Winter rides by?  
 Perhaps 'tis you're longing to cherish  
 The ripples of sunshine you see  
 'Mong needles of pine, where they perish  
 Or steal back to their brothers on high.

'Tis solemn and dark, 'neath your shadows,  
 'Tis dim down the pathway to see;  
 There's a mighty mystery round you  
 That cradles enchantment for me:  
 For when moonbeams slant through your branches  
 Dabbling shyly 'mid diamond dew,  
 A holy contentment steals o'er me  
 Like the dawn that is flushed and new.

When Winter rides over the mountain  
 With ermine path laid on his way,  
 The snow, like the spray of a fountain  
 O'er your branches, limp, drooping, is strewn;  
 When far from the realms of the night king  
 Float the moon and her crystal stars,  
 You stretch forth your arms to her light's ring  
 And your lullaby softly your croon.

You moan for the hungry and needy,  
 You sigh for the sorry at heart,  
 You call to the wandering and weary  
 To the forest to gather apart;  
 For you'll lull them to slumber and sleep,  
 To oblivion's care-free day,  
 Then softly, your arms stretched to heaven,  
 You will soothingly show them the way.

UNA GWYNNE.

### Enchantment.

As I was wandering across the mead  
 Some moonlit night about a year ago,  
 The air was all a-quiver with a glow  
 As silver as a star, and weird, indeed,  
 The music made from many a luteing reed  
 Weaving a spell—a subtle magic—so  
 That standing there I could not bear to go.  
 The soul of each wild flower, each tiny seed,  
 Called out to me and claimed me for a friend,  
 And little elfin fingers clutched my hands  
 And bade me to forget the things that are.  
 But soon the subtle spell was at an end,  
 Once more I wandered through the meadow lands,  
 For tell me, which of us may hold a star?

D.C.A.



## Musical Literature.



THE Editor of this Magazine has asked me to write on English musical literature of to-day; a task not easy to fulfil as I cannot pretend to have read even one quarter of the books published on music since—say 1900. On reference to a big library catalogue, however, it is quite obvious that the greater part of these books are of next to no value. The bane of the literary world to-day is the inevitable volume of personal reminiscences, and we in music are deluged with this particular nuisance. Occasionally a good book of memories is published; two by Stanford are excellent. ("Studies and Memories"; "Interludes.") It is a relief to read two such books full of interest and thought, after the usual kind. I read—a little while ago—an autobiography by a musician who has held high positions in the musical world, who never gave a single opinion upon any part of that art to which he devoted his life. This is in great contrast to the singers, who invariably give pages of well expurgated criticism of themselves.

Biographies of musicians run these reminiscences very close in number, and I am not sure that they are not the more numerous. Those who have read some of the wonderful character sketches by such men as Edmund Gosse, G. K. Chesterton, and pre-eminently Lytton Strachey, will, I think, agree with me that musical biographies (with these exceptions) are as dry as dust.

At the same time, however, a fair number of books have been written recently which are of musical and literary value. We still look for a great musical critic—a Ruskin—whose books will stand out as great contributions to the art and to literature. Sir H. Hadow is certainly the nearest approach to such a man, but he may be classed as an exception, as his interests are mainly educational, and his writings on music very few. The most wonderful thing in England is the way that our English composers have shown their ability to write on their art, as well as compose. Probably there is no counterpart to it in any school of composers before. Since 1850, nearly every English composer has written works, the majority of which will redound to their credit when the history of this period is written. Parry, Mackenzie, Stanford, Cowen, Corder, McEwen, Bantock, Wallace, Macpherson, Dunhill, Broughton are only a few of a much larger number.

In England to-day Parry probably is remembered first for his charming personality, secondly as a composer, and thirdly as a writer on music. On the Continent the order may be reversed, number three being easily first. His grasp of musical history was amazing, and to his knowledge there seemed no end. As one has said—"All musicians are conscious in more or less degree that their art is an expression of the motives which influence and dominate humanity, but it was left to Parry to be the first to show the closeness of the connection between the organisation of life and the organisation of music; the intimacy between temperament and tone, habit and song, and to demonstrate that music is the mirror that faithfully reflects the animating spirit and the trend of thought of each passing age."

No student ought to omit reading and digesting Parry's "Evolution of Musical Art." Probably Parry is here at his best in that power of condensation of which he was so mighty a wielder. This book once mastered (and it is not always easy reading), the reader will get a greater idea of the origins of music and its development (or evolution) up to modern times than is obtainable in any other book. Of his



other books—"Style in Musical Art," the third volume of the Oxford History of Music (17th cent.), "Studies in Great Masters," "Life of Bach," the last is very good, giving, besides an excellent account of Bach, a number of sidelights on Parry's own ideals. The "Studies" are disappointing as studies, a truer title would be "lives of great masters," as he does little more than recount their life stories, and that in somewhat colourless language. Lastly, the "College Addresses" (published posthumously) are concerned, and rightly so, with matters ethical and moral rather than musical.

Next to Parry, and as far as style is concerned, a greater writer, stands Sir H. Hadow. His work is unfortunately very small in quantity; the Viennese (or Beethoven) period in the Oxford History, two volumes of "Studies in Modern Composers," a short study of Haydn and his relation to Croatia are almost all he has written. The "Studies" are probably the finest essays on musicians in the English language. Their title is now somewhat misleading—"Studies in the Romantic Period" (*i.e.*, from Beethoven to Wagner) would be more correct. He writes on Berlioz, Schumann, Chopin, Dvorak, Brahms and Wagner, and in each volume is a first-rate essay on music and principles of criticism.

Two most excellent books, wherein deep thought is couched in easy and sometimes wonderfully poetic language, are William Wallace's "Threshold of Music" and "The Musical Faculty." The first is a study of musical history, taking chiefly the great originators in the art, such as Beethoven, Berlioz. The latter book deals with music, scientifically speaking, in man; the composer, the child prodigy, heredity, and such subjects. Both of these will appeal to anyone who cares to read essays of a real thinker on music, whose ideas are always original. Of the same type, though more from the acoustical side, is J. B. McEwen's "Thought in Music."

Histories of music are very plentiful. The big six volume Oxford History is a credit to Sir H. Hadow's initiative, and is quite the best in the language. Of one volume histories, that by Stanford-Forsyth is good. H. Davey has written an excellent history of music in England, and if one supplements to this E. Walker's history, which deals only with English composers, a good idea of English music and its history is obtainable. Both these writers unfortunately seem to me to have rather strong prejudices when they arrive at the last century, and this somewhat spoils what would otherwise be two most excellent histories.

There are many other books worth reading and re-reading on music which probably have not yet crossed my path; perhaps some reader of them would tell us of some more of these books.

DERICK ASHLEY.

### Golden Rod.

I love to think the golden rod  
Was planted by a gnome,  
To show where fairy gold lies hid  
Near to a mortal's home.  
And if I touch those feathery flowers  
They scatter powdered gold,  
And sigh and sway and sigh again,  
For they've their secret told.

UNA GWYNNE.



## The Fiddler's Ghost.

'Tis many a year  
Since I was here,  
I have been away  
Ten long years if it is a day,  
Ten long years since I had to climb  
Past the boundaries of space and time.

I met a man in the Land of the Dead,  
A mighty master of song, they said;  
His silver tones were mellower far  
Than those of the singing-professors are.  
He smiled at the fiddle under my arm:  
With a voice so calm,  
"What have you studied down there?" he said,  
"What have you toiled for? What have you done  
To soothe the sorrow under the sun?"

I said: "They taught me with patience rare,  
And I learnt with care  
The sweetest music the old earth knew."  
I said: "I was never great nor wise,  
And I looked at life with a dreamer's eyes.  
(We dreamers have a wonderful view,  
And know the secrets told to a few,  
But we let the world's little treasures slip  
From our loosened grip,  
Still better *that* than with voices loud  
To push and jostle the human crowd!)  
I have little to show,  
For my toil, I know,  
My record's dark with many a stain,  
But I never loved in the world below  
A single soul for the sake of gain.  
I was never a snob,  
Or strove with slander to spoil and rob.  
I sought with melody, mirth and fun,  
To soothe the sorrow under the sun."

And so I have been  
These years between,  
Where celestial minstrels for joy have sung,  
Where the workers assemble to hear us play,  
Who build new worlds for a future day,  
While the dumb old centuries look and lean  
From a shadowy balcony dimly seen  
In the dusk of Oblivion hung.

I said: "I'll away  
To a matinée  
Of the proud earth's pitiful little play:  
Where night and day  
Set bar-lines to life's little tunes:  
Where time and tide,  
And much else beside  
Is just a trick of the moon's,  
As she sits in the hall of rhythm and rhyme,  
Aloof, alone,  
To the monotone  
Of old Neptune's Orchestra beating time."



" I will visit the shrine  
 Where the art divine  
 Has made her abode;  
 That workshop there in the Marylebone Road,  
 Where they grasp ideals by fits and starts,  
 And rend  
 In many a tattered end  
 Strings of their fiddles and hearts.  
 Where learned people, and girls and boys  
 Are arranging noise  
 Into subtle shapes with silences bound:  
 Hammering sound  
 Into rhythmic figures, quaint-designed  
 By many a mighty master-mind,  
 With colours vivid or sad and pale,  
 For passion fierce, or for beauty frail;  
 Into raptured symphony, fugue, or song  
 That shall stir the hearts of the human throng."

So a spectre pale  
 Down Maida Vale  
 I wandered as in a forgotten land.  
 Till memory took me by the hand,  
 And I found the place in the Marylebone Road.  
 And in at the swinging doors I strode,  
 Up the staircase flew,  
 And to all the rooms that I loved and knew.  
 For I loved my fellow-students there,  
 And some of the very best they were.  
 I loved my professor, too,  
 For his service true,  
 And all he had striven to make me do.  
 My tears were wet on the paved floor  
 Of the corridor,  
 By the double-door,  
 And he thought the rain must have filtered through.

For nobody saw me, nobody spoke,  
 In all that crowd of illustrious folk,  
 (Not even Hallett and Cocks and Green,  
 Whose eyes are usually pretty keen!)  
 So back again  
 I will steal like vanishing mist and rain.  
 But I leave you luck in the world below,  
 And the greatest joys that the heart can know;  
 Finer skill,  
 For your striving still,  
 As from dawn to dusk you are toiling found,  
 Hammering sound  
 To diviner shapes with the silence round,  
 Into harmonies subtle and sweet and strong  
 That shall lift the hearts of the human throng.

L. GIRDLESTONE.

### May.

Close by my window  
 A fair laburnum tree  
 Shook its golden blossoms,  
 And nodded twice at me:  
 Whispered so softly,  
 And smiled upon me, too,  
 "Isn't May the sweetest month?  
 Don't you think so? I do!"

UNA GWYNNE.



## Hobbies.



HE definition in the dictionary seems at first somewhat misleading. "Hobby, strong active horse, a subject on which one is constantly setting off." But evidently the original idea of a hobby was connected with horses. Now the word has come to mean—A favourite pursuit.

Life might often become dull and uninteresting if it were not for our hobbies, and it is essential to most people to have a favourite occupation. Our hobby becomes part of us, goes with us everywhere, and stimulates our brains and our work.

Everyone has a peculiar "bent" in some direction, and by cultivating our specialities we may develop into very interesting men and women—but, of course, it takes time. One of the great virtues which a hobby helps us to possess is Patience! Sometimes it may take months or maybe years to find what we desire for our collection, but let us not despair. There are generally many branches to the main tree, and it is surprising how much fresh information comes our way in the ordinary affairs of life.

The collecting of books is such an absorbing and fascinating hobby that one becomes familiar with every single one, and a great friendship can be established with books, which grows deeper every year. Old associations weave themselves around books, and it is so interesting to notice the various changes in our favourites—some, of course, always retaining the first place.

A catalogue or its equivalent is of great use to those who love their hobbies, and it should be kept in an orderly way if we are to derive real pleasure from our work or in showing it to others—every new addition, the date of its acquirement, how it was obtained, and any other information will make our treasures quite valuable—the value being not in the cost but in the individuality and purpose expressed.

It is always encouraging to be consulted about a special subject, feeling that one is capable of supplying the desired information or advice—and unless we have some record of our possessions and how they were gained, it is almost impossible to be of much use in helping others.

It is most interesting and amusing to read of the hobbies of famous men and women. Jane Austen used to write on little scraps of paper some incident of her uneventful life—not a diary—merely the comings and goings of neighbours, and what they said and did, and doubtless she stored away many such scraps, using them afterwards in her delightful novels. It is surely one's own experiences and observations that bring out the reality, the humour, and sometimes the sadness of a hobby.

I am certain every one of us needs a hobby to refresh us and rest us, and I think the busiest people require it most.

S. C. STEWART.



## Peace.

I will go out into the darkness of the night  
 Under the star-strewn Heavens;  
 I will seek the silence of the deep woods  
 Where life is a sighing breath in the tree tops,  
 And death a whispering shadow in the grasses.  
 I will look into the silent pools where the moon lies sleeping—  
 And see the truth of all the world laid bare.  
 The old things will come from their lost graves,  
 Creeping round me, breathing the wordless song that was old  
 Before time.  
 I will lay my ear to the ground and hear the growth of all earth;  
 I will press my cheek against the rough tree-bark  
 And hear the secrets of the wind.  
 The flowers will murmur drowsily to me,  
 The brown burn will hush its babbling,  
 And the long sobbing call of the sea will come to me.  
 Then the white mists will rise like a swaying dream about me:  
 The wind will breathe gently round me,  
 And I shall wander slowly onwards—seeking Peace;  
 Till the soft night surges o'er me—and I pass Beyond—  
 Where is neither Time nor Space, Beginning nor End  
 Success nor Failure.

“APRIL.”

## Block H.

A SUBJECT HITHERTO UNSUNG.

There is a seat in yonder hall  
 Reserved for students great or small  
 Upon the annual judgment day.  
 A sad lone seat for such as they:  
 A festal altar that the muse  
 Sets up for sacrificial use:  
 A pallid crescent of despair  
 That starry firmament must wear  
 Among her constellations fair:  
 A haunt of grief, whose very air  
 Is moist with heavy tears new-wrung  
 From students' eyes—o'erwatched, o'erhung  
 By dreary shades of silent things  
 And droop of disappointed wings:  
 A block for block-heads set apart  
 For all who feel the pain and smart  
 Of smitten hopes: a meek retreat  
 For those who ran with faltering feet,  
 Those who for love of her did chase  
 The muse until she slapt their face.  
 As on a day of grand review  
 Of ships' display, with much ado,  
 An anchorage obscure, forlorn,  
 For those by tempests tossed and torn,  
 Poor derelicts on the seas of sound  
 For port of many medals bound,  
 Who foundered when the icy blast  
 Of adverse winds smote helm and mast  
 And lost the spoils of which they dreamt  
 In the examiners' contempt.  
 (N.B. That gallant craft, the True Endeavour  
 Will sail again in better weather.)



Ah, me! How smoothly life did run  
 From dewy morn to set of sun,  
 Nursed in the mild ambrosial air  
 Of kind professors' tender care  
 Until that fierce and fatal day,  
 When, like a lion in the way,  
 That fearful thing, the silver board,  
 Stood in your peaceful path and roared,  
 "Go to Block H!" Then you had fled  
 With head that throbbed and heart that bled  
 Such poor performance to revile;  
 For one false step in many a mile,  
 Ten minutes' failure in a year,  
 Sent to perdition: doomed to wear  
 With downcast or averted face,  
 The parsley crown in a public place.

Sad fellow-student! Cease thy moans,  
 Nor rend the air with sighs and groans!  
 Go to Block H, and sit and learn  
 What life would teach us all in turn,  
 That disappointment in some form  
 Must man's weak character reform.  
 Go to Block H, and loud applaud  
 The happy souls that passed the board,  
 And watch them there ascend in state  
 To shining rows through Heaven's gate,  
 Clasp their medals as they sit,  
 Or scrolls of laudatory writ.  
 Go to Block H, and in that dire  
 Grand circle's purgatorial fire  
 Purge there thine art of taint or dross  
 Of envy or conceit, whose loss  
 Shall leave her metal purer gold.  
 So come again with steps more bold,  
 To war once more, with high intents  
 Ev'n battling with the "Elements"  
 In the Duke's Hall in windy March,  
 Where every question's a fresh gust  
 To blow our brains about like dust!  
 He that can climb with dauntless feet  
 The steeps of failure and defeat  
 May yet in honour's halls carouse  
 With laurels bound upon his brow.

L. GIRDLESTONE.

### Dreams.

You are floating in the air,  
 Little dreams, baby dreams,  
 While your master's lying there,  
 Little dreams, baby dreams,  
 His hazel eyes are sleeping,  
 By his cot a watch you're keeping,  
 Oh! Whither is he roaming,  
 Baby dreams?  
 Will you whisper in his ear,  
 Little dreams, baby dreams?  
 Tell him someone's watching near,  
 Little dreams, baby dreams,  
 Lo! The fairy bells are ringing,  
 And the nightingale is singing,  
 Go, whisper in the gloaming—  
 Baby dreams.

UNA GWYNNE.



## The Elephant's Child.

(*"But this was an Elephant's Child and full of 'satiabile curiosity.'"*)

Is little Eileen always (W)right ?  
 What's turning poor old Greenie grey ?  
 Do "Gla!" and Dorrie." ever fight ?  
 And what, then, *would* the Bishop say ?  
 Does Betty ever disobey ?  
 Has anyone been teasing Sair ?  
 Is "Baby" getting rather gay ?  
 And *does* that young man wave his hair ?

Is Arnold always awfully bright ?  
 And why does Mollie pine away ?  
 Who's seeing someone home at night  
 And calling for her every day ?  
 How much does Olive *really* weigh ?  
 Would Frank be faithless if he dare ?  
 Do Roy and Elsie mean to stay ?  
 And *does* that young man wave his hair ?

Who thought the Artist's room "too light" ?  
 Have "Szemi's" thoughts begun to stray ?  
 And Rene, has she had a fright ?  
 Is Billy under sorrow's sway ?  
 Who *is* this blighter—D.C.A. ?  
 And what would Gwen do if she dare ?  
 Is someone rather fond of Kay ?  
 And *does* that young man wave his hair ?

Prince, if you stop and read my lay,  
 And know the answers—heed my prayer :  
 Tell, if you can, what's up with Ray —  
 And *does* that young man wave his hair ?

D.C.A.

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## Sunset Song.

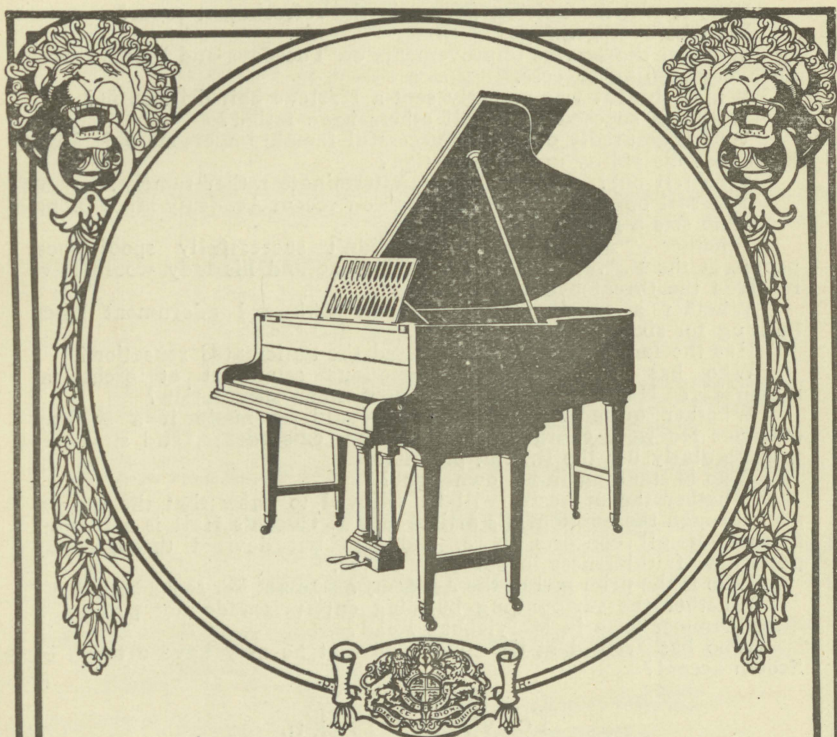
When the day is overpast  
 And with softened sound at last  
 The stern sea overflows,  
 There are many things made known  
 When the sun goes down alone  
 That we knew not when it rose.

When life's leaves with memories blest  
 Of the loved ones laid to rest  
 We have turned with fingers slow,  
 There are many things we read  
 For our souls' most silent need  
 By the lamp that burneth low.

When the night with gloom is given  
 And the stars drift high in heaven  
 And our souls upon the deep,  
 There is one love learnt at last  
 In the lonely dark out-cast  
 That shall lift us out of sleep.

L. GIRDLESTONE.





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## Guess !

Who are the five "love-birds"?  
 Who is still the noisiest person in the refreshment room?  
 Will he ever grow up?  
 Whether the service improvements on Tuesdays and Fridays were  
 an overwhelming success.  
 Which student was recently sent a Harlene hair drill outfit?  
 Will this succeed where all others have failed?  
 Who is assuredly our most successful female impersonator? Does  
 he realise his ability in this direction?  
 Who fell out? Didn't the affair terminate rather tamely?  
 The real opinion of most students on recent Academy innovations.  
 Who sets a good (?) example?  
 Whether "Mr. Wentworth" didn't successfully spoof most  
 people at the R.A.M. Club dance. How he and his lady would have  
 received the threatened reprimand?  
 Whether a sword is not a rather awkward adornment when  
 hunting for sixpence under a taxi.  
 Has the lady-killer's return caused the anticipated sensation?  
 Who has been the most assiduous attendant at orchestral  
 rehearsals? Has not his identity caused much speculation?  
 Whether quite a large revenue could be made if a shilling  
 entrance fee were charged to all visitors, ex-students, and strangers  
 who regularly use the R.A.M. premises.  
 Who is standing in his own light?  
 Whether the orchestra will be relieved to know that the proces-  
 sion through the gentlemen's artist-room at Queen's Hall is a regular  
 feature of all concerts there, and was not devised through any  
 particular faithlessness in our poor selves.  
 Who is the prim girl of the Academy? Do not her looks belie her?  
 Whether the surrounding building enterprises do not portend a  
 dusty summer term in Marylebone Road?  
 Who has arrived at the conclusion that he may have a touch of  
 Scotch accent?

## To Welton Hickin.

Lines in praise of Welton Hickin,  
 Bravely to the Princ'pal stickin'  
 Staunch in weal and woe.  
 Friends of many students makin',  
 Even when the rules they're breakin',  
 Smiles and lets them go.  
 Harmony invigilating,  
 Such an arduous undertaking,  
 Less they chance might cheat.  
 Whilst fresh sheets of paper carrying  
 He might on the move be tarrying  
 Ere he gains his seat.  
 He examines the sight singing,  
 Calmly fails each mortal bringing  
 Not a sign of brain.  
 On the crowd he smiles benignly,  
 Entertains them most divinely,  
 Bears each tuneful(?) strain.  
 He inspires in me emotion,  
 And exceeding great devotion,  
 In all student kind.  
 Finally let me extol him,  
 'Mongst our chronicles enroll him,  
 Sportive, just and kind.

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| B 1191 { Kirkby Malzeard Sword Dance (The Girl I Left Behind Me) |                                       |
| Flamborough Sword Dance (Three Jolly Sheepskins)                 |                                       |
| B 1192 { The Old Mole                                            | B 1193 { Three Meet (The Pleasures of |
| Jenny Pluck Pears                                                | The Butterfly the Town)               |
|                                                                  | B 1194 { Goddesses                    |
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| The Silver Swan - Gibbons                      | Lullabye, My Sweet Little Baby       |
| E 233 { Since First I Saw Your Face - - - Ford | Byrd                                 |
| (a) Flora Gave Me Fairest Flowers - - - Wilbye |                                      |
| (b) On the Plains, Fair Y Trains - - - Weekes  |                                      |

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With announcements of the names.

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| Strings—Celesta—Harp—Wood-wind—French Horn | - | D 557 |
| Brass-wind—Percussion                      | - | D 558 |

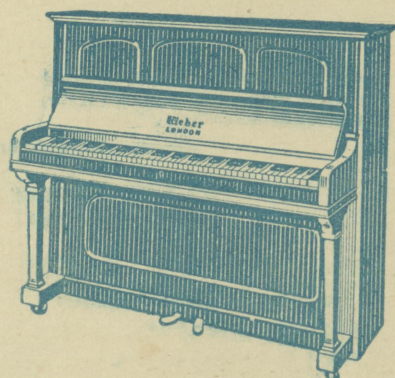
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